

T H E

Dramatick Sessions :

Edward OR, THE *Lascelles*

STAGE CONTEST.



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MOORE near St. Paul's, MDCCXXXIV.

[Price One Shilling.]

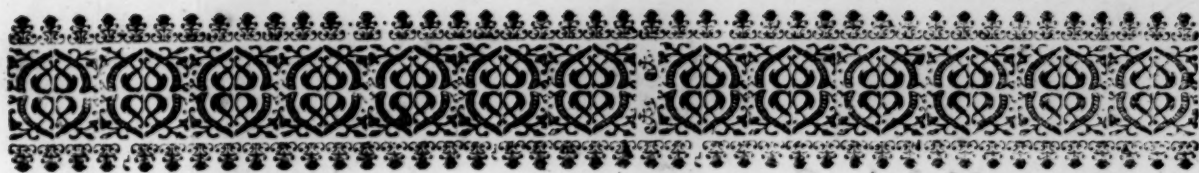
STAGE CONTRAST.



L O W D O N :

Printed for A. Moore near St. Paul's Churchyard.

[Price One Shilling]



T H E

Dramatick Sessions, &c.

MIGHTY NONSENSE, the Goddess that reigns
o'er the Stage,
Charm'd with the Productions, and Taste of the Age,
Resolv'd to the Theatre strait to come down,
Her most hopeful Blockhead with Poppy to crown.

Where her Throne to erect long she puzzl'd her Brain,
And once thought to fix it at wise Drury-lane;
But knowing that R—b such a Slight wou'd ne'er pardon,
More gratefully flew to the fam'd Covent-Garden.

There seated on (1) Dragon, for Throne, view the Queen,
And Poets, like Beaux, crowding ev'ry Side-scene;
Like Beaux too they strive, with great Emulation,
To be dubb'd errant Coxcombs, throughout all the Nation.

The

(1) Dragon in Dr. Faustus.

The *Goddeſs* in State, ſat with ready Attention,
 Whilst each *Bard* drew near, and made out his Pretention;
 When ſtrait there ſtept up a blith bonny bold *Scot*,
Cock-ſure that the *Poppy* wou'd fall to his Lot.

With Scorn firſt he look'd on his Brethren the Rout,
 Then a Thing which he call'd (2) *Sophonisba* held out;
 The *Goddeſs* t' encourage him bid him write on,
 And with the next *Fuſtian* the *Crown* might be won.

Each humm'd at the Sentence, and thought it a fair One,
 With *Prologues* and *Epilogues* then ſtept up (3) *A-on*,
 Swearing He to the *Poppy* had legal Pretence,
 Who to *Cart-loads* of *Dulneſs* ſcarce had grains of *Senſe*.

Thoſe *Grains*, quoth the *Goddeſs*, with courteous Behavi-
 "Have quite ſet aſide, Sir, your claim to our Fayour; [our,
 "But write on, my *A-on*, and ſtill have our Praise,
 "For wretched dull *Prologues*, to wretched dull *Plays*.

Next (4) *M-rt-n* appear'd, crying "*Liberty, Freedom*,
 "Here, here are ſtrong Lines, wou'd your *Goddeſs-ſhip*
 read 'em ;"

But ſhe bid him reign over *Goodman's Field* with his Muſe,
 And there charm his *Butchers*, his *Boatſwains*, and *Jews*.

THESE

(2) Written by Mr. *Tb—pf-n*. (3) *A-on H-ll*. (4) Author of *Timoleon*.

These being dispatch'd, some Friends in the Crowd,
 Wou'd have put up as *Candidates* (5) *M-llet* & (6) *Fr-wde*;
M-llet just had stept in, to see how they went on,
 And *Phil* was complaining *Philotas* ne'er run.

But when *Nonsense* call'd out for them both to appear,
 Neither *Addison's Fr-wde*, nor *Pope's M-llet* was there;
 For as soon as e'er nam'd they scour'd off from the Ground;
 As somewhat *asham'd* in that Tribe to be found.

The Goddess spy'd *H--dl-y* behind a Side-scene,
 As he popp'd out his Head, and then *slunk* in again;
 She remember'd his *Contrast*, and what she did owe,
 For his burlesquing *Steel*, and *Congreve*, and *Rowe*.

So she calling the *Dr.* *prais'd* what he had writ,
 But *check'd* him 'cause sometimes he'd *stumbled* on *Wit*,
 And said she'd ne'er give to that *Writer* the *Crown*,
 Who *Sense* enough had, not his *Dulness* to own.

The *Dr.* with Joy then the C-urt turn'd his A— on,
 And *slunk* off *asham'd*, then up came a *Parson*;
 His Beaver he doff'd, and appear'd very supple,
 Nam'd the *Humours of Oxford*, and the *damn'd Modish Couple*.

(5) Author of *Euridice*. (6) Author of the Fall of *Saguntum* and *Philotas*.

(7) *Dr. H--dl-y* wrote the *Contrast*, but never own'd it.

In *limping* came *B-d-ns*, and bellow'd "refign
 "Your Pretensions to that, That Comedy's mine;
 "For that, Sir, as mine must surely be own'd,
 "Which at *Hampton Court* cost me full *forty good Pound*."

A Dispute then began for the *Poppy* and *Fame*,
 When the *Goddeſs* thus wisely decided their Claim:
 "To thy *Dullneſs* in *Pulpit* friend (8) *M-l-r* close ſtick,
 "And in time thou may'ſt riſe to a *fat B—pr-ck*."

"But as Things now ſtand, I can never engage,
 "The Scum of a College for the Prop of the Stage;
 "And as for the Captain he has Honours enough,
 "Tho' his *Footman* (9) or *Thou* ſhou'd'ſt claim the *dull Stuff*."

Struck mute as a *Fish* at th' *impartial Decree*,
 Away troop'd off *sneaking*, poor *Divinity*;
 And away with a *Laugh* to *St. J-m-s's* did limp,
 The *Captain*, the *Courtier*, the *Poet*, and *P-mp*.

Scarce known was the next Bard, an *old Debauchee*,
 With a *Body infirm*, and a tottering *Knee*;
 But as he began near the *Goddeſs* to draw,
 Her (10) Sir *R-b-rt* ſhe ken'd who had ſung of *Jack Straw*.

(8) Mr. *M-l-r* of *Wadham College*, *Oxford*.

(9) His *Footman* vouch'd he was employ'd by his Maſter to write Plays for him.

(10) Sir *R. H-nl-y* wrote a Farce, call'd *Wat Tyler*, and *Jack Straw*.

Beyond contradiction the *Prize* *his* had been,
 Had he not an *Orange-wench* chanc'd to have seen;
 So quitting the *Crown*, he sneak'd off to his *Whore*,
 For tho' he lov'd *Nonsense* he lov'd a *Wench* more.

Pert *F-r-ft* (11) then next blunder'd in for the *Crown*,
 Which for his *soft Dillys* he claim'd as his own;
 He sung and he smil'd, and kept *Time* with his *Head*,
 And boasted of *Learning*, tho' nought he had read.

Soon as him for a *Candidate* coming she saw,
 The *Goddeſs* cry'd out, "By a Quirk of the Law
 "Cou'd my *Chaplet* be gain'd, away you wou'd sweep it,
 "And neither a *Goddeſs* nor *Devil* cou'd keep it :

"But none of your Quirks"—Tho' ſo juſt my Pretence,
 He reply'd, "yet for *Pique* I'll ne'er deviate to *Senſe*;
 "Still, ſtill I'll be *dull*, and ſtill you ſhall know it,
 "Since I'm choſen by *R-ch* both his *Lawyer* and *Poet*."

Then with Air of Importance, and confident Mien,
Oz-ll, that *amphibious Creature*, ſtept in;
 In *Engliſh* and *French* much of *Momus* he prated,
 Set to Muſick by *F-r-ft*, but by *him* tranſlated.

(11) A notorious Attorney turn'd Scribbler.

Cries the Goddess, I ne'er a *Translator* shall choose,
 For that e'en in *Dullness* a *Poverty* shews;
 They, they Sir, alone have a Claim to my *Crown*,
 Who for *Dullness* a *Genius* can boast of *their own*.

At that rush'd in *The-b-l-d* — "Hold, hold Sirs, resign,
 " A *Genius* for *Dullness*! what *Genius* like mine!
 " What *Bard* for the *Chaplet* as I am so fit,
 " As *Poet*, as *Editor*, *Critick*, or *Wit*!

" I can write your long quaint *Dissertations* on *Plays*,
 " Tell where *A's* are for *O's*, and where *O's* put for *A's*;
 " Tell when *Semi-colons* for *Colons* I spy, Sir,
 " And write, and write on, yet none e'er the wiser.

" Brother* *B-ntl-y* has prais'd all my learned *Proceedings*,
 " My *Conjectures*, my *Pointings*, and my various *Readings*;
 " My fath'ring on *Shakespear* what *Shakespear* ne'er thought,
 " With — *Did he not write so?* He so shou'd have wrote.

Nonsense listen'd with joy to her fav'rite *Son*,
 With Candour she smil'd, yet deny'd him the *Crown*;
 Wishing he at this time wou'd for once wave his Claim,
 Since *Dan Pope* had made so Immortal his Name.

Thrice

* Late Master of *Trin. Col. Cam.* and Editor of *Milton*.

Thrice the *Poppy* he ey'd, thrice he bow'd to the ground,
 Then the *Goddeſs* obey'd, tho' he *long'd* to be crown'd ;
 When in ruſh'd a brisk Blade as if he'd command her,
 The heroic Author of *bold* (12) *Periander*.

"Here is, *Goddeſs*, he cry'd, with a *tragical Mien*,
 "The moſt *tragical Tragedy* ever was ſeen ;
 "Here is *Fuſtian* in *Proſe*, and *Rants* out of *Season*,
 "With *killing* and *ſlaying* without *Rhyme* or *Reason*.
 [ſpare,
 "Here are" — "Hold cries the *Goddeſs*, your *Eloquence*
 "Keep your *Lungs*, and your noify *Harangues* for the *Bar* ;
 "There more *wiſely ſhine out* the *fiſt Dunc* of the *Hall*,
 "Nor *degrade* your ſelf here among *Poets* to *bawl*."

C-n-c-n-n then came with Look proud and moroſe,
 And ſtraitway laid Claim to the *Crown ſopor*oſe ;
 But the *Goddeſs* refus'd him the Prize with this Satire,
 That his *Lazineſs* was than his *Dullneſs* yet greater.

Then (13) *L—llo* ſhe call'd, if he was in the Throng,
 Who a *ſad Play* has made from a *difmal Sing-ſong* ;
 Whoſe wild *London'Prentice* mov'd each Woman's heart,
 With but *little of Nature*, tho' *nothing of Art*.

C

But

(12) Mr. *Tr-c-y*.(13) Author of *George Barnwell*.

But was told that a *Ballad Heroick* he'd got
 From the *Wall* in *Moor-fields*, and was making a *Plot* ;
 Meaning that *gallant Youth* the next Time to rely on,
 Whose *right Hand* and *Left* pull'd out *each Heart* of *Lyon*.

With his *unmeaning Face* *J-ff--s* next wou'd have come,
 For the *Crown*, hoping he might supply *L--ll's* room ;
 But was stopt, being told that of this Court the Rule,
 Was to pitch on a *Blockhead*, and not on a *Fool*.

Yet (15) *M-tch-ll* broke in with his Bagpipes before him,
 Thinking *Nonsense* wou'd for his *Scotch Ballads* adore him ;
 And this strong Plea he hinted, lest she shou'd not know it,
 He long had been dubb'd (16) Sir *R-b-t's* own *Poet*.

"Sir *R--*'s, cries *Nonsense*, since that Place you *boast*,
 "You ne'er for the *Poppy* shall lose such a *Post* ;
 "To sing his *Panegyricks*, Sir, *none* can be *apter*,
 "So *praise* and be *dull*, to the *End* of the *Chapter*.

Ch-r-ls J-hns-n next follow'd, and swore in a *Rage*,
 Tho' lately he had not appear'd on the *Stage*,
 Yet her *Godde's-ship* surely cou'd ne'er have forgot,
 The many fine *Op'ra's* and *Plays* he had wrote.

The

(15) Wrote the *Highland Opera*. (16) He styles himself so. *Vid.* Several
 Copies of Verses to Sir *R. W.* in *White-ball Evening Posts*.

The *Goddeſs* much *thank'd* him for *Services done*,
 But 'cause he'd *left writing* denied him the *Crown*;
 Then *Courtier-like* shun'd her *old Friend*, tho' a *True One*,
 And turn'd her *Back* on him, to seek out a *New One*.

Where is *F-ld-ng*, She cries, with his *heavy Quixote*?
 A biting his *Audience*, one said, he was got:
 Hold there, cries another, he's now at *All-fours*,
 With a parcel of *Dam-me Boys*, and *bob-tail'd Whores*.

In short some said one thing, and some said another,
 But at last he appear'd and ended the pother:
 With a Stride of three Yards then he broke thro' the Rout,
 Crying, "G— D—mn ye, *Sirs*, *What are ye about*?"

"Reach, reach me the *Chaplet* — I'm going to write,
 "I'll shew ye the Odds in a crowded *Ninth-night*:
 "I alone please the Town in the *Goddeſs's Vein*,
 "And if Critics damn me — why, I damn them again.

His Assurance, 'twas thought, wou'd have gain'd him
 the Prize,
 Had the *Goddeſs* been us'd to see with our Eyes;
 But she bid him be gone for a *mad blustering Fool*,
 Who by *Idleness* more than by *Nature* was dull.

On

On the *Goddeſs enraged*, he turn'd then his Br-eh,
Took a large pinch of Snuff, and then call'd her a B-tch;
Then, grinding his Teeth, ſwore he ſome one wou'd maul,
And *damn'd Goddeſs and Crown, Brother Scribblers* and all.

Then boldly on *Theatre Ph-ll-ps* appears,
With *Mock-Lawyer* in hand, and the *Stage-Mutineers*;
Nonsense prais'd his *Beginning* with *Farce*, and *Sing-song*,
But ſaid for the *Chaplet* he yet was too young:

And to add this Advice the *Goddeſs* thought fit,
“ I hear you're in chafe of the *Goddeſs* of *Wit* ;
“ But *Wit's* a *Coquette* whom in *vain* you'll purſue, Sir,
“ Juſt ready to *claſp* her, ſhe'll bid you *adieu*, Sir.

“ Better follow, *young Man*, maſter *Divito's* Task,
“ And write *unmeaning Song*, or more *unmeaning* (17) *Mafque*.
— The *Bard* to 'Squire *R-ch* quite confounded withdrew,
As yet undetermin'd what Scheme to purſue.

Courtly (18) *P-pple* came next with his *Preface & Play*,
And a thouſand *fine Things* having ſtudied to ſay,
With *learned Exordium*, as I think they call it,
Began — (19) *Vocem interdum Comoedia tollit*.

(17) Wrote the *Mafque* of the *Triumphs of Love and Hymen*.

(18) Author of the *Rover Reclaim'd*.

(19) *Motto* to it.

In his Int'rest the *Goddeſs* declar'd her ſelf hearty,
But chid him for making himſelf of a Party ;
And ſaid he ought not againſt any to bawl,
Who had the *good Luck* to be *damn'd* by 'em *all*.

Next (21) *B-k-r* advanc'd, but was told that at *School*,
Had he *ſtol'n* ſo *barefac'd*, he'd been *laſh'd* for a *Fool* ;
So off he might pack, for the *Crown*, to be brief,
Was deſign'd for a *Blockhead*, but not for a *Thief*.

[Claim,
(22) *K—g* then wou'd have come and have put in his
But this Rebuke hearing, away *ſneak'd* with Shame ;
For, thought he to himſelf, if ſo cenſur'd he be,
I am not a much honeſter Writer than he.

[ction,
(23) Noble *G-mſt-n* advanc'd then and begg'd her Prote-
Becaufe at St. *A—n's* he'd loſt his Election ;
Quoth he 'tis allow'd on all hands, I dare ſwear,
That *Love in a hollow Tree* is *paſt compare*.

His unlook'd-for Appearance quite daunted the reſt,
For the *Goddeſs* his *Merit ſuperior* confeſs'd ;
But however ſhe bid him contented ſit down,
For no Nobleman ever had yet wore the Crown.

M

D

R-lph

(21) Author of the *Mother-in-law*.(22) Author of the *Married Philoſopher*.(23) Author of *Love in a Hollow Tree*.

(22) *R-lph* then as her *natural* Son claim'd the *Crown*,
 But she thought him too *profligate* for her to own;
 Tho' *rejected*, he yet made his *Exit* to rise,
 By scribbling *Courants* in *Defence* of th' *Excise*.

Next in there rush'd all the *Theatrical Rabble*,
 The *Dregs* of the *Tribe*, who began a *fierce Squabble*;
 Here was *C-ff-y*, and *V-ct-r*, and th' Author of *Flora*,
 Engag'd with *mad C-r-y*, and smart *Jemmy M-re-a*.

There was Captain *Br-v-ll*, with no little *Fury*,
 For *Dulness* of *Songs* hot contesting with *D-ry*;
 That their *Songs* were all *hiss'd*, each of them cou'd boast,
 But they *bravely* contended *whose* *Songs* were *hiss'd* most.

Here *B-nd* a *Stag-Ghost* thro' a *Trap-Door* arose,
 And fain wou'd have come with *poor S-mber* to *Blows*;
 Whilst there for the *Chaplet C-k* and *Bess H-yw-d* strove,
 By *ranting* of *Bawdy* and by *whining* of *Love*.

Next the *Farce-writing Actors* disputed their *Claim*,
 And *R-an* contended for *Poppy* and *Fame*;
 Whilst in a *Nook H-pp'sley* stood *screwing* his *Face*,
 The *Goddeſs* to *charm* with his *Farce* and *Grimace*.

Mean

Mean while *little Pistol*, with *Zeal* for the *Prize*,
 Did by *roaring*, and *swearing*, himself *signalize* ;
 Him the *Goddeſs* eſpying ſo *hot* in the *Fray*,
 For his *moſt Serene Infancy* (23) bid 'em make way.

Up he tript to the *Throne*, with *Impertinent Air*,
 Crying *Rot me*, and *ſink me*, and *all That*, my *Dear* ;
What Coxcombs egad ! — 'Pr'ythee give me the *Crown*,
The Poppy I claim as my Father's own Son.

Nor can you beſtow it on a properer Elf,
I make others write for you, as well as my ſelf ;
And thy Fame ſhall ſtill laſt in Odes and in Plays,
Whilst I wear the POPPY and my Father the BAYS.

Then the *Goddeſs* the *Poppy* wreath'd round his *thick Skull*,
 Which no *Rival* from *thence* ſhall ever *dare pull* ;
Well-pleas'd in her *Vice-Roys*, the *Father* and *Son*,
 For ſhe never will find ſuch a *Pair* when *they're gone*.

(23) A *Title* given him by the *Grubſtreet Journal*.

F I N I S.

A G R O T T O.

A Place there is ('twas purchas'd cheap,
Thank — — thy undoing)
And there they build a ruinous Heap,
For, all they build is ruin'd.

Three holes there are thro' which you see
Three Seats to fit your A— on,
And Idols four of Vizzards three,
And one Unchristian Parson.

In Praise of C— (observe the Joak)
Writes every Band and Gown,
And L— the Theme of courtly Folk,
Who lov'd nor Court nor Crown.

Fye, Parsons fye; fye Courtiers eyke,
Leave uninscrib'd this Wall;
For, cou'd these honest Stones but speak,
They'd cry G— D—n you all.

Write you for Money? you'll have none,
For Fame 'tis vain to quarrel;
Consider — — is on the — —
And — — wears the Lawrel.

Poor claffick Fools! his Purse rewards,
Great — — Oratory;
A— — his Politicks records,
O—— writes his Story.

DEDICATION

TO A

Certain Great M A N.

MY LORD,

YOUR Lordship and I are not at all acquainted, I therefore take Leave to be very familiar with you, and to desire you to be my Patron, because you do not know me nor I you: Nor can this Manner of Address seem strange to your Lordship, whilst it is warranted by such numerous Precedents. I have known an Author praise an Earl for twenty Pages together, tho' he knew nothing of him, but that he had Money to spare. He made him Wife, Just, and Religious for no Reason in the World, but in Hopes to find him *Charitable*, and gave him a most bountiful Heart, because he himself had a most empty Stomach. This Practice being general, it is a very easy Matter to guess, by the Size of the Panegyrick, how wealthy the Patron may be, or how hungry the Author; if it exceeds three Pages, you may pawn all the Blood in your Body upon it, the Writer has fasted three Days; and that his Lordship, among all his other good Parts, has at least ten thousand Pounds a Year.

From all this we may learn, that a great Man's Fortune is as easily known from a Dedication to him, as from the Rent-Roll of his Estate; and that his Bounty to the Author, is only Wages for publishing his Wealth to the World.

It is likewise evident, that no Lord of a low Fortune must expect an humble Admirer amongst us Wits and Writers, unless he

bargain with us at a set Price, and give us so much a Piece for every good Quality he has occasion for.

We must not therefore judge of the *High and Mighty* as they are describ'd in the Frontispiece of Books and Poems. Your *Dedicators* are a Sort of *Intellectual Taylors*, that cut out Cloaths for a Great Man's Mind without ever taking Measure of it. They have indeed two Rules from which they never depart: First, The Dress must be *gaudy*; and, Secondly, It must *never fit*. Their Business is to make it of a vast Dimension, and to cover it all over with *Tinsel*. If the Suit be bulky and shining, the Poet has the Reputation of a skilful *Tradesman*; for the *Stuff* and the *Exactness* are never consulted.

I would upon this occasion congratulate the Quality upon the Advantage which it is to them, to have their Characters drawn by such as either do not, or dare not, know them; and consequently will be sure not to put their Graces, and Lordships, and Ladyships, out of Countenance — A convenient Piece of good Breeding! for which, I hope, they are thankful.

For my self, when I see a long Drift of Excellencies and Talents cramm'd down a Nobleman's Throat, who has no Relish of them, or Right to them, I am not at all surpriz'd, because I am sure it is not meant as an Encomium upon *his Honour*, but meerly as a Declaration of the Author's Wants, and a heavy Complaint of Nakedness and Hunger.

E

Some

Some may reckon a Dependence on a great Man the best Reason and Foundation for *dedicating* to him; but I am not of their Opinion. For my Part, I have no Manner of Dependence on any *Star and Garter* in *Great Britain*, as any one may observe from the Chearfulness of my Looks, and the Integrity of my Life. I own, that setting up for a Writer, I judg'd it convenient to me and my Book, to call in your Lordship for an Assistant, but no farther than just to set off and honour my Title-Page. I at first indeed intended to let the whole Credit of the Thing remain with you, by entitling my Pamphlet, *An Essay of a Man of Quality*: But my Bookseller, who is a smoaky Fellow, and understands the Pulse of the People perfectly well, fell into a great Rage, and ask'd me for the five Shillings again, which he had advanc'd to me, by Way of Encouragement, a Week before. He told me, he had neither Pleasure nor Profit in selling *waste Paper* to the Grocers at two Pence a Pound. Why, says he, the famous *Daffy* might as rationally have writ *Aqua Fortis* upon his Elixir: *The Essay of a Man of Quality*! If I were to chain the Book to my Counter, it wou'd not make it a more everlasting Shop-keeper than this very Title: It is as bad as a Spell; and the most adventurous Reader will not presume to open the Book that is fortify'd with it. — No, no; if you must have the Front of your Book embellish'd with something of Title, you may call it, *A Letter to a great Man*: Since you do not name him, People will naturally imagine there is something in it exceeding saucy and satyrical; and that very Thought will make your Pamphlet popular. — I have follow'd his Advice, and am t'other five Shillings the richer for it.

But, as I was telling your Lordship, Reliance on a great Man is not a good Reason for *dedicating* to him; for either he will receive the Present of your Praise as a just Tribute for such your Dependence; (and then where is your Pay, and the due Hire of your Sweat and Invention?) or else he will reward you with a Sort of Coin, call'd *Promises*, stamp'd with his Honour, but never current among Shop-keepers and Victuallers. Alas! Who will give you an Ell of Cloth, or a Cut of Beef upon it? It is a lamentable Thing the World should be arriv'd to such a Pitch of ill Breeding, that now-a-Days a great Man's Word and Ho-

nour are as little minded by the rest of the World, as by himself.

And so I will proceed to assert, That the only proper Patron for an Author to inscribe his Works to, is one to whom he is an utter Stranger, who having had no Manner of Commerce with the aforesaid Author, can understand his Dedication to be nothing else but an elegant Demand for such a Sum of Ready Money. Dedications are therefore Bills of Exchange, drawn by the Witty upon the Great, and payable at Sight. But, lest the worthy Offering should not be understood, or recompens'd as it ought to be, through the deplorable Ignorance of the Quality, whose high Characters place them far above the Reach of Knowledge and the Impulses of Humanity, I have, for the Benefit of my worthy Companions in the Labours of the Standish, drawn up the following Form, with which I would have all Dedications to conclude.

The Right Honourable Dives Earl of Widefield, Debtor to Paul Poorwit, for the following Goods sold and deliver'd.

	l.	s.	d.
<i>Imprimis</i> , For a large Stock of Learning, very much wanted	02	10	00
<i>Item</i> , For a Barrel of rare Eloquence, admir'd by all the World, but never yet us'd, —	05	00	00
<i>Item</i> , For as much Justice and Honour as a Great Man has occasion for — — —	00	01	12
<i>Item</i> , For a Hogshead of Courage that never saw the Sun	10	00	00
<i>Item</i> , For half a Pound of Wit and Humour, being all I had to spare, but very good in their Kind, and Dog-cheap	01	00	00
<i>Item</i> , For a long Line of Lineage, and great Quantities of ancient Blood, neither of them measur'd, but only guessed at — — —	05	00	00
<i>Item</i> , For Praising your Ancestors, unknown — — —	01	10	00
<i>Item</i> , For admiring your Lady's Beauty, unsight, unseen — —	00	10	00
<i>Item</i> , For a Graceful Person, all of my own making — —	02	10	00
<i>Item</i> , For several Thimble-fulls of Generosity, a scarce Commodity! — — —	00	02	05

Sum Total 28 03 6½

My Lord,
 " I Have sent you the above mention'd
 " Goods, being the best my Garret
 " affords, and at the lowest Price. I hope
 " they will please you. You will find in
 " the Cargo several Things which I have
 " not *Item'd*, viz. A large Parcel of Vir-
 " tue, and another of good Nature; be-
 " cause I knew you wanted them as much
 " as any of the rest. — These two Ar-
 " ticles will raise the Whole to, at least,
 " Even Thirty Pounds; and I have drawn
 " a Bill upon your Lordship accordingly,
 " which I beg your Lordship to pay at
 " Sight; for, I assure you, I have had pre-
 " sence of Mind for the Money long before
 " it was due. I might have found Chap-
 " men for these Goods among very many
 " of the Nobility and Gentry, as unprovi-
 " ded with them as yourself; but out of
 " pure Respect to your Lordship, I resolv'd
 " you should have the Refusal. — In
 " firm Expectation of your approaching
 " Bounty, I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most oblig'd,

Most devoted,

Most obedient,

Most, &c.

In this plain Manner would I have Au-
 thors treat their Patrons. The said Thirty
 Pounds may probably be all the Poet's
 Stock; and Wits, dealing the least upon
 Credit, either in Selling or Buying, of any
Trading People in the World, have the more
 Occasion for Ready Money.

Your Lordship may by this perceive, how
 I expect to be treated and rewarded for the
 following Panegyrick on your self.

In attempting your Character, (to use the
 fashionable Phrase) I shall begin with the
 Antiquity of your House, equally Old and
 Illustrious. Your Ancestors won Honours,
 and you, my Lord, wear them; how well
 they become you, I need not say, the same
 being as evident to the whole World as to
 me. You would, no doubt, acquire new
 Ones, were there any Room left for them;
 but what Occasion have you to toil and
 struggle for that which is already provided

for you by others? And it is a plain In-
 stance of your consummate Prudence, that
 your Ease is by no Means interrupted by any
 the least Pursuit of this Kind. If any dare
 insolently call in Question your Glory, shew
 them your Coat of Arms, and the Number
 of your Mannors; strike them Dumb by
 telling them of the Nobility of your Blood,
 and Blind, by shewing them the Splendor of
 your Race.

Nobility is held by Patent, and where is
 the Necessity of another Tenor by Virtue?
 A Piece of Parchment is a much more
 portable Instrument. Your Lordship seems
 appriz'd of the Difficulty of excelling in
 any Thing, and therefore wisely forbears
 drudging for Fame. Your Ancestors ex-
 cell'd for you: They, by having many Ac-
 complishments, have sav'd you the Trou-
 ble of having any. The Lustre of their
 Names shines still upon you, tho' exceed-
 ingly weaken'd by the Length of the Jour-
 ney, having spent many of its Rays in its
 Passage thro' three or four Generations, who
 wanted its Influence as much as your self.
 Thus, if we trace the Merit of a great Fa-
 mily, it is like the Course of a River in-
 verted, largest towards the Fountain.

Should any one make an ill-bred Compa-
 rison, (which God forbid) betwixt your
 Lordship and the Founders of your House,
 you could shew him, or I for you, that
 you possess several Arts and Acquirements,
 which the old fashion'd Fellows, with all
 their Abilities and long Beards, were utter
 Strangers to. If one of your Forefathers
 was a great Orator, and could do Wonders
 with his Mouth, your Lordship is as dex-
 terous in the Exercise of the Organ next to
 it, and can take Snuff with great Volubili-
 ty of Nostril. What tho' another of your
 Grand-fires was an able Politician, a Person
 of great Cunning and Brains? The Out-
 side of his Head was not half so well in-
 structed as your own: You have more Curls
 in the Covering of yours, than he had Wiles
 in the Lining of his: His was equipp'd by
 painful Study, yours is edify'd by your pain-
 ful Barber. A Third was a brave Soldier,
 but were he put to handle your Cane or
 your Snuff-box, he would be at as great a
 Loss, as you, my Lord, wou'd be to handle
 his Truncheon. A Fourth sat up at Nights,
 and liv'd by his Clients; but your Lordship
 more happy and less learned, lies a Bed all
 Day, and lives by your Tenants. All these
 labour'd

labour'd for your Grandeur and Support, foreseeing, as one would imagine, that you would have need of their Aid. And it cannot be denied, that it is possible one may be so great a Man as to be good for little. Wisdom and Worth, we see, cannot be entail'd like Titles and Acres. It were indeed to be wish'd, that a wise Head and an honest Heart could beget their Likeness, and that famous Men could transmit their Parts with their Titles to their Posterity; but since that cannot be, their Descendants must comfort themselves, with being a-kin to Merit, tho' ever so remotely.

Nothing is more frequent and natural than to value our selves upon that which is none of ours. Of this I have, in my Time, seen several merry Instances. I knew a Thrasher in *Wiltshire*, who was so elevated upon his Brother's being made a Parson, and promoted to a Curacy of twenty Pounds a Year, that he threw away his Flayl, as a Discredit to one who was nearly related to so great a Man, and betook himself to poaching in the River, as a more Gentleman-like way of Life. It was observ'd of him, that ever afterwards he roll'd his Stockings, whereas he had before always humbly button'd his Breeches over them. It is said he threatens to leave the Village where he was born, because the ill-bred Inhabitants still continue to stile him no higher than bare *Gaffer Thump*, as they used to do, notwithstanding that his Brother is a Curate: But it is thought this high-spirited Person will be disappointed, for that no Parish will receive him without a Certificate. I would, out of the Benignity of my Nature, comfort all great Men, who have noble Blood, but vulgar Understandings, with the Repartee of a West Country Blacksmith, who, in a Dispute with a Barber that call'd him an ignorant Fellow, answer'd, with equal Scorn, *That tho' he could neither write nor read, his Father had been Game-keeper to the Lord of the Manour*. The Barber, who was but the Son of a Barber, finding himself out-match'd in Family, very respectfully gave up the Dispute to his Betters.

It is scarce to be conceiv'd how diffusive and multiplying a little good Blood is: The Increase of the Blessed Virgin's Milk, by the Magick and Management of Popish Monks, is not more miraculous. How ma-

ny Thousands find themselves enrich'd by it, or rather impoverish'd! for nothing is more apt to turn the Brain; and it is often got into the Head, when there is not half a Drop of it in the Arteries.

We may observe, by the Way, that we are ever nearest related to the greatest Man of our Blood, tho' remov'd seven Generations from him. If our Great-Grandfather, for Instance, was a wise Man, and our Grandfather and Father a Brace of Fools, we skip the two last, and become, after a wonderful Manner, the immediate Descendants of the first. Thus a Man becomes the very next in Blood to, perhaps, the first of his Name, who liv'd 300 Years ago, and scorns to be in the least a-kin to the Person that begot him: You shall not meet with a Jew who is the Son of his Father — No, he's the Son of *Abraham*, who has been dead so many thousand Years, and yet is still forc'd to father a swarthy Race of Brokers and B—g—ers. In the same Manner has King *Cadwalladar* begot every Mother's Son that has been born in *Wales* for five hundred Generations. I know a Lady, who is far gone in Genealogy and Pride, whose Father had, with a great Title and Estate, a great Faculty likewise of Drivelling; him she never mentions, as being, I suppose, no ways related to him; but a great Man of her Name, who liv'd in the Reign of *William Rufus*, is her good and right well-beloved Kinsman — He was, I take it, either her Uncle, or at farthest, her Cousin German.

This picking and culling of our Ancestors, as if it lay at our Mercy, after we are brought into the World, who should bring us thither, shews great Ambition, but small Policy. For certainly, we should be exceeding careful not to mention our selves with such of our Ancestors with whom we cannot stand a Comparison. A Dwarf may strut upon the Shoulders of a Giant, but still his Dwarfship is the more conspicuous from the Company he keeps; and many a Man climbs only to shew his elevated Little-ness. This is all wrong. — They that would appear tall, ought to converse only with the short, if they would take a natural Method of coming at the Scope of their Ambition. I therefore approve the Prudence and Policy of our worshipful Country Squires and Fox-Hunters, who, for the Sake of having daily Companions, at least, some-

something below themselves in Speech and Understanding, spend all their Time with dumb Creatures, and live and die among Horses and Dogs. An honest Gentleman, whose speaking Organs would be of no use to him in the Senate or in Conversation, shall be very eloquent in an Assembly of Hounds, and, with great Force and Fluency of Throat, outdo his Brother-Orators in their own Way. The Wisdom of these Worthies, who are educated in the Kennel, goes farther yet; for every Man chuses for his Tutor that Beagle whose Voice he is most capable of imitating: Insomuch, that as soon as I hear one of those Academicks begin his Exercise, that is, to open, I can presently pronounce whose Pupil he has been, whether bred under Doctor *Fowler*, or Doctor *Sweetlips*. At present Doctor *Ringwood* is more famous than all the rest for the Number of Scholars he has train'd up; I know several of them my self, and particularly a hopeful young Gentleman, the eldest Son of a Baronet, who is a great Proficient in this Kind of Throat-Learning. — It is believ'd, he is now fit to Head the Pack himself in the Absence of his said Master, the polite Dr. *Ringwood*. When this ingenious young Heir displays his Wind-Pipe, his Mother's Heart beats for Joy, and the old Knight tells the Company, with a Wink and a Nod, *Harry is Father's own Son*. — Now thus far all is well, when Ambition goes Hand in Hand with Capacity. But, Sir *John*, not content with these Excellencies in himself and his Son, will be ever and anon mentioning the Virtues and Talents of his Ancestors, who were indeed great Men: However, the Knight never concludes without insinuating his own Praise, and that of his Heir, by asserting, That not one of his Forefathers could compass a Bumper, or fill a Hunting-Horn.

Having thus, my Lord, done Justice to your Pedigree, I shall proceed next to the Consideration of your Fortune.

The Founders of Families are generally provident enough to support the Titles they leave behind them with suitable Estates; which is a most commendable Care; For, alas! as the World runs, what is Blood without Riches? Money and Land are the very Touchstones of Quality. Antiquity may be overlook'd, but Acres are visible Honours. Nothing is more illustri-

ous than a long Rent-Roll; without it, the most sounding and splendid Patent has no Power over the Hearts or Hats of an Assembly. It is confess'd, neither Family nor Riches make the least Alteration in the human Frame. An Earldom cannot cure a stinking Breath, nor take the Skull half an Inch thinner; and a great Man may be a Dwarf or a Scoundrel, with half a Million of Money, or half a Country in his Possession. *Alexander the Great* had a wry Neck, (perhaps with carrying the Globe upon his Back) of which the Propriety of the World could not cure him. But I am only talking of *reputed*, and not *real*, Greatness, and cannot but congratulate your Lordship upon the *real* Kindness which is done *you*, in particular, by this Distinction.

You, my Lord, have a double Right to Respect, from your Title, and from your Affluence. The latter is indeed the less worthy; and yet, such is the Bigotry of the World to Wealth, that were it not for *that*, the former would hardly be regarded. Nay, to deal ingenuously with your Lordship, had I not known you to be Rich, I should, perhaps, never have known you to be Noble; and then your Lordship and I should never have been Patron and Client, nor Mankind been instructed in your Character. I would not therefore, for less than *thirty Pounds*, that your Lordship should have wanted this Opportunity of obliging Posterity and my self. Go on, my Lord, in the Paths of Honour, that is, in the Art of getting; and continue to be deserving, that is, to be Rich.

From your Lordship's Wealth it is natural enough to make a Transition to your Lordship's Wit; since, according to the laudable Civility of the World, the Man who has Sufficiency of Baggs is sure to be endow'd with Sufficiency of Brain. It is very observable, that tho' Wit has seldom or never the Sense to fall into the Road of Gain, and therefore your witty Men are the foolishest Fellows in the World, that is to say, the poorest, yet Riches, on the contrary, never fail to dubb a Fool a wise Man; and a Dunce no sooner ceases to be poor, but he is transmuted into a *shrewd cunning Fellow*. The Reason of this must be, that the Wit of a poor Man, lying only in the Inside of his Head, is

altogether invisible and unregarded; whereas the Wit and Parts of the Wealthy being entirely without the Scull, and consisting of Assets and Effects, are honour'd, because they are obvious. A Man, who has Wit in Chestfuls, and a Genius that consists of several Manours, will never want the Praises which are due to such uncommon Talents. I could mention many worthy Citizens who have vast Capacities at Sea, and are wonderful witty in Ware-Houses, and most ingenious in Bank-Stock, besides others, whose Abilities are as conspicuous in the Exchequer.

I cannot but lament, on this Occasion, with a feeling Concern, the invincible Obstacles which hinder that unhappy Wit, which is merely internal, from rising into Notice and Reputation. Alas! (*absit invidia verbo*) there is no Wit at all in being hungry, and where is the Jest of having but one Shirt? A Wigg without Buckle is but dull Entertainment, and a Thread-bare Coat has no Manner of Force upon the Muscles. I can speak it from Experience, there is no Joak in an empty Purse. I had therefore no Expedient left to procure me a little Wit, but the letting out my Parts to Hire, as I now do to your Lordship. *Thirty Pounds*, my Lord, frugally manag'd, will make me a wise Man for three Months together. Your Lordship, who hath Talents of a vast Extent for several Miles round you, and vast Parts in Cash and Bank-Bills, has not only a sufficient Bulk of Penetration and Wisdom, to serve you for Life, but will doubtless transmit the same substantial Accomplishments undiminish'd to your Posterity. My Lord *Clarendon* tells us, That *Oliver Cromwell's* Abilities seem'd to rise in Proportion to his Advancement in Power: And your Lordship's Wit and Sense, that are now so bulky, and of such mighty Circumference, would certainly have been invisible to the *Buzzard* World to this Hour, had not your Fortune lifted them and you into Observation.

I do not say all this to prove to your Lordship, that your Lordship has a great deal of Wit; it is the last Thing you want to be convinc'd of — But it is my Ambition to get my self a little Wit and Wisdom with your Money; and it is but reasonable I should do something for it. I owe my Landlady for a Quarter's Lodging,

and my Landress for a Month's Washing; they are the two first whom I intend to satisfy that I am a sensible Man: For I already find, by their sower Looks, they begin to question *my Parts*. My Shoemaker too, and several other Tradesmen, want sadly to handle some Proofs and Instances of my Wit and Genius. It would be barbarous in your Lordship to let me pass any longer for a Fool amongst these Fellows whom one cannot live without. For a small Matter of that Sort of good Sense, which is call'd Money, I shall find Admiration among them, and, which is better, Credit, and new Shoes. I have often been witty, to the best of my Skill, at the Tavern over a Bottle of Wine; but the Blockhead the Vintner is so dull and covetous, that he can see no Wit about me, but what I tell out between my Finger and my Thumb, a Piece of Ingenuity which I am not always Master of. O the Degeneracy of the Age! *Ben Johnson* has frequently paid his Reckoning in a Couplet, and liv'd comfortably and merrily a whole Winter's Night upon a Punn. Alas! I do not believe, in this Iron Age, a Canto of a hundred Staves would bring a Quart of Sherry, or a Pound of Salmon. Many a Wit would be forc'd to pawn his Coat (if any Person would take it) for a Dinner, did not the charitable Bookseller advance him half a Crown on his new Poem, and by that Means pay him half in Hand.

If a certain eminent Merchant had not manifested his *uncommon Understanding* in the uncommon Number of his Ships, and his *harmonious Disposition* (tuneful would have done better) in the chiming of his Baggs, the *Bluntness of the incomparable Mr. Durfy's Nature* would never have rais'd so many *plauditory Plants* in the large Field of the said Merchant's Commendations: But that venerable Lyrick knew too well the *Easiness of his Patron's Humour*, not to expect from it an Order upon his Goldsmith, where the *harmonious Knight* keeps the *opulent Marks of his uncommon Understanding*. How large a Taste he afforded *Mr. Dursey* of his Parts, I know not; what I am to expect from yours, my Lord, I know, and so will your Lordship too, when you have perus'd this *uncommon Dedication*.

I have, by this Time, I hope, with sufficient Clearness, display'd to my Readers, that

that is, to the whole World, *the Quality and Extent* of your Lordship's Wit. If I have but little to say of your Eloquence, it is because you have hitherto shewn but little. But this is owing to nothing but Choice and Reservedness, on your Part: Your Modesty, my Lord, like a Pot-lid, smothers the Overflowings of your Spirit, and suppresses the Ebullition of your Rhetorick. It becomes me to believe you could do Wonders this Way, if you would. Why will you thus neglect and conceal your Abilities, and obstinately persist to be only a Hearer in the Senate? I do not question, but even this Omission and seeming Indolence is praise-worthy and publick-spirited. Your Lordship, no doubt, considers, that the very Listeners, in publick Assemblies, are promoting the Trade of their Country, while they consume Snuff, and wear out Handkerchiefs. Thus is the Interest of Mankind advanc'd by Idleness and Incapacity itself.

Besides, when I reflect how much Tongue-Artillery is daily wasted without doing the least Execution, I must applaud it as a Piece of Prudence and Humanity in your Lordship, to avoid the Shedding of innocent Words. How many excellent Orators have we, who are instructive without being understood, severe without being felt, and loud without being heard. What Pity is this! Commend me to those that sit still and take Snuff, because they have nothing else to say. I have often lamented and sigh'd in my Closet, that Mens Tongues should have more Speed than their Understandings. When our Spirits are heavy and grave, it is but reasonable the Tongue should be shod with Lead. But, alas! our Chops, when once they are set a-going, generally shew our Intellects a Pair of Heels, and gallop away with such Fleetness, that even the Memory itself is distanc'd, as swift as it is.

Were the Tongue only to move by the Direction of good Sense, how many worthy *English* Gentlemen and fine Ladies would live and die discreetly Dumb? This putting of the Jaws upon hard Labour without Profit, and committing a Rape upon Peoples Ears without the Consent of their Hearts, is a notorious Nuisance and Breach of the Peace. It is an Offence to others, and a Distemper in our selves. This Disease I call the *Upward Looseness*; and it

is in several Respects as nauseous as that below; nay, it sometimes equally affronts the Sense of Smelling, as when the Speaker's Lungs are not over orthodox, or so.

It is really a miserable Case, that, when a chattering Booby finds himself loaded with a turbulent Quantity of Words and Wind, which he has a Mind to discharge, I must be oblig'd to stand the Shot of his Noise and Nastiness for perhaps an Hour or two together. This, I am sure, is contrary to the Rules of Equity and Cleanliness; but it seems I am bound to it by the Laws of Courtesy and good Breeding.

What I have here said of Loquacity, concerns only private Conversation: But when this Insult upon our Senses appears in publick Assemblies, it is yet more intolerable. Why must prating Oafs (empty of every Thing but Froth and Clamour) be for ever suffer'd, without Rebuke, to be spewing up their ill-scented Crudities in the Faces of Men that are either Wise or Brave? I would humbly propose, for the Ease of this Christian Country, that whenever an Orator of this Sort begins to gape and strain, one of the Company shall go up to him, and, taking hold of his Button, tell him, *Sir, I am sorry to see you troubled with so violent a Vomiting*: Or, perhaps, it may be more proper, without saying a Word, to run with a Chamber-pot, and hold it up to his Chin. For this purpose, I would decree, that every Place of publick Meeting in this Island be provided with one or more of these *necessary Vessels*, either to receive or restrain the Overflowings of indigested Oratory. If one of these *emetick Speakers* cannot conveniently be come at, it is only crying, *To the Chamber-Pot*; and, if he has Shame in him, he will grow well, and sit down.

There is something exceeding insolent in these long-winded Talkers. What Right has any Man living to lay an Embargo upon my Throat, when at the same time he keeps his own open? He that usurps the whole Discourse, lays this modest Injunction upon the whole Company; namely, *to be silent, and hear him*.

The Ladies, indeed, who understand their Privileges much better than we do ours, are not enslav'd by our Rules; but, tho' there be a Score of them together, exert the Faculty of Speech all at once:

And

And really, if we do but remember that it is their whole Business and Ambition to be only voluble, without troubling themselves with being intelligible, we cannot blame them for exercising their Tongues, as they do their Fans, in all Weathers, merely for a little Parade, or because they are us'd to it. Ladies, therefore, when they are fluttering either of these inoffensive Instruments, ought not to be interrupted with an Offer of the Chamber-Pot; for if it be only the Pravity of the Intention that makes Actions Criminal, it is evident they can be no Offenders, who speak without any Intention at all. I know the fair Prattlers are so overstock'd with Self-denial, that they will humbly disown this my Justification of them, as what they do not deserve; but I am resolv'd to persist, and make them innocent in Spite of themselves. But as for those of my own Sex, who are addicted to purge at the Mouth, I shall never revoke my Decree against them, or any of them, except such as honour the Truth, and freely confess that, tho' they talk much, they mean nothing. And indeed it cannot be deny'd, that very many well-meaning Persons are Rhetorical for no Reason in the Earth, but because they are not Retentive; and so are forc'd to *break Words* purely for *their Ease*. When a Man's Tongue is always ready bridl'd and sadl'd, he cannot help it if it will run away with him.

This kind of Eloquence, like an ill Breath, is curable but one Way, and that is, by tying a certain Ligature, call'd a Halter, round the Patient's Neck, and girding it, 'till you have quite stopp'd up the Gutter through which the aforesaid Excrements do issue.

But as this Remedy might prove somewhat dangerous to many Thousands of his Majesty's good Subjects, I shall be cautious in recommending this publick-spirited Project, tho' I am fully convinc'd it would effectually destroy all his Enemies within these his Dominions. But as I am a Friend to the Tranquillity and Noses of Mankind, I will make bold to prescribe a *Succedaneum*; that is to say, an Equivalent for Hanging.

As a Specifick therefore against the dreadful Effects of this foetid and epidemical Distemper, I would advise the sick Body,

when the Fit is coming upon him, which he will perceive by an ungovernable Agitation in his Jaws, and an incessant Rattling in his Throat, to withdraw himself immediately from Company, and employ these indefatigable Organs in running over a Chapter or two in the Bible. People, I know, particularly *my Patients*, will make a horrid Outcry against the *Distastefulness* of this Remedy, but that can be no Objection against the Use of it, since the *bitterest Drugs* are often the most successful. Besides, it is well known, that all Medicines that *dispose to Sleep*, are *harsh* and *unpalatable*. Of this Nature are the numerous and powerful Opiats, which come daily from the Press and the Pulpit. A Dose or two of Scripture, if People would but be persuaded to take it (*Sed hic labor, hoc Opus est!*) would compose those Convulsions of the Chops, and that Flux of Speech, which hitherto have been thought incurable. But let none despair; for tho' their Mouths be dry, and their Lips chopp'd with the perpetual Evacuation of Eloquence and Spittle; tho' their Heads ach with Nodding, and their Eyes with Winking; nay, tho' their Throats should be riven with Hemming, and their Windpipes with Straining; nay, even tho' their very Arms should be jaded with explaining their Stories, and their Canes worn out with enforcing their Orations, yet I, the Doctor, will, by the Blessing of the Bible on my Endeavours, work a *perfect Cure*.

This Secret, which I found out by great Industry and long Study, I might, like other great Physicians, have kept to myself; but I prefer Knowledge and the Good of Mankind to *living in Ignorance, and keeping a Coach*.

For your many excellent Speakers that cannot read, I must find out some other Cure. Perhaps it may be no ineffectual Method to ask them, whether they will give what they say under their Hands, and to present them at the same Time with Pen, Ink, and Paper: You shall find they will immediately grow shy of *attesting it in so solemn a Manner*, and so recover to avoid Disgrace. NB. This Remedy effectually cures talkative Beaus.

As to the Ladies, who hate every Thing that is *unpleasant or unfashionable*, I know my *Scripture Specifick* will never go down with

with them without a great deal of Art. These genteel well-bred *Patients* would think me a strange rude Fellow, should I advise them to so *vulgar a Thing* as the Reading of an *old Book*; and so I find I must grow cunning, that I may not be thought clownish. Being well acquainted with the inquisitive Spirit which is in them, I intend to recommend the Bible to them as a Book that contains many strange Adventures, and many Secrets which they never heard before: There they will find Gallantry and Intrigues, Songs, Dances, and pretty Fellows; Mobbing, Rebellions, and the Church; Hereditary Right, and a *Jewish Pretender*, who was a very handsome Man, but had his Title and Complexion both ruin'd by the Gallows; and there they will find Courts, Ravishings, and Adultery, and every Thing that can please and entertain them: Besides, the Book is finely Bound and Gilt. I mention the strongest Motive last, because they may remember it most.

I am sensible few of our fine Ladies are furnish'd with this useful Book, the same being got into the Hands of their Servants, and other mean People, who are poor enough to be good Christians. I must therefore acquaint the Quality, that the said Book, call'd a Bible, may be met with at the Booksellers; Mr. *Baskett*, encourag'd, I suppose, by this Project of mine, having, not long since, ventur'd upon a new Impression, otherwise, 'tis thought, Bibles might, in a small Time, have been out of Print.

To convince the whole World that I am altogether disinterested in this useful Discovery, I must, in Justice to myself, declare, that I have never seen the Colour of Mr. *Baskett's* Money; for, tho' I belong to the Society for the Reformation of Manners, I do utterly decline the *usual Perquisites* arising from the Execution of that Office. If Mr. *Baskett* indeed should force a Bribe upon me, I know the Courtesy of my Nature will by no Means suffer me to affront so worthy a Person, by a rigid Refusal, it being my steadfast Principle to suffer rather than resist, upon such powerful Tryals, as many of our good and modest Doctors are forc'd into Greatness and Bishopricks, in Spite of their obstinate and repeated *Nolo*. But, tho' I shall not fall out with Mr. *Baskett* for a small Matter, I protest before Hand,

that if he offers me above a Hundred Guineas, I shall be strangely surpriz'd.

However, if Mr. *Baskett* behaves himself, as he ought to do, upon this Occasion, I intend to make over to him, his Heirs, and Assigns, the Right of Printing and Publishing my Works for the Space of Three Hundred Years, at the End of which Time, I do Will and Ordain, that the said Right shall become general, and enrich the whole Body of Booksellers, without Distinction; requiring them, however, as a publick Emolument for so publick a Benefit, to apply a small Portion of their Profits towards pulling down the Cathedral Church of *St. Paul*, and rebuilding the same in a Manner worthy of me and my Country, the Honour whereof is hereby consulted, as well as the Reputation of Sir *Christopher Wren*. I should be willing to retrieve his Credit sooner, but as the said Fabrick is never mention'd among Works of Architecture, the present Architect's Name lyes safely conceal'd.

I do also Will and appoint, That in the Year 2718, that is to say, a Thousand Years hence, the said Company of Booksellers shall, at my Expence, that is to say, out of the Revenues accruing from my Works, erect two Marble Statues to the Prince then reigning, the one at *Charing-Cross*, and the other before the Theatre at *Oxford*, with the following Inscriptions.

Upon that at Charing-Cross

“ **T**O George the Twentieth, by the Grace of God King of Great-Britain, and Emperor of all Europe, Arbitrator of the Peace of Asia, and Defender of the Faith; Pious, Clement, Just; the nursing Father of Liberty and Mankind; bold for Truth, Religion, Law, in Opposition to Tyranny, Persecution, Superstition: His Zeal temper'd with Charity, his Virtue with Affability: A Prince of unparalell'd Self-denial, who loses the Appearance of much Glory by concealing the Substance: By preventing Necessities and Oppressions he prevents the Renown of relieving them. Thus is his Merit the more excellent by being less visible. The Joys and Fears of his Subjects are his own: Their Peace is the End of all his Wars, and his Wars the Means of their Peace. He is magnanimous and wary. His Courage never be-

G

“ trays

" trays want of Circumspection, nor his
 " Circumspection want of Courage; they
 " are both eminent. His Liberality is not
 " confin'd to Worth reveal'd, but generouf-
 " ly contributes to raise it; others have
 " rewarded Merit, but he makes it. He is
 " happy in the Choice and Talents of his
 " Ministers, and they in the Favour and
 " Fortune of their Master. In short, this
 " mighty Emperor seems, in his whole
 " Life and Royal Virtues, to copy out,
 " with great Exactness and Success, the
 " most glorious and popular of all his nu-
 " merous Ancestors, *George the First*;
 " whose Name, notwithstanding the Dust
 " and Forgetfulness, with which other
 " great Princes, and their Atchievements,
 " are cover'd, is still fresh and amiable in
 " our History and Conversation: It was He
 " who laid the Foundation of the settled
 " Prosperity of our Country, and the con-
 " tinu'd Freedom of *Europe*, aided by the
 " Counsels and Negotiations of *Sunderland*,
 " *Stanhope*, and *Cadogan*, great Statesmen,
 " of superior Capacities, and boundless
 " Humanity. By *their* Ministration, in
 " *this* Reign, was first shaken, and, at last,
 " overthrown, a formidable Race of an-
 " cient Pagans (long since extinct) nam'd
 " *Papists*, the blind and bloody Slaves of
 " a wily Wizzard at *Rome*, who, by the
 " Magick of Falshood and Ignorance, and
 " by continued and unrelenting Murders,
 " poyson'd, stupify'd, and mislead Christen-
 " dom for many Centuries. Among the
 " deathless Glories of that King's Reign,
 " was his having for his Subject *John Duke of*
 " *Malborough*, firnam'd the *Great*, who for
 " Victories, Triumphs, and Clemency, *first*
 " shaded the Lustre of *Julius* and the great
 " *Macedonian*. HIM all succeeding He-
 " roes, guided by his Example, and fir'd
 " by his Successes, have strove to emu-
 " late, but could never equal. Then also
 " flourish'd the immortal Mr. *Addison*,
 " whose Fame is in every Mouth, and
 " his Works in every Hand. In his Wri-
 " tings are still seen, in all their Freshness
 " and Glory, the divine Atchievements of
 " *William the Third* and the mighty *Marl-*
 " *borough*. The want of such a Genius
 " and such a Pen, is the Grief and Mis-
 " fortune of the present Times, and has
 " been the Complaint of every Age be-
 " tween him and us. To compleat the
 " Praises of that Reign, *Parker* presided in
 " the Senate, and, out of it, comptroll'd
 " the Law; *King* adorn'd the Bench, and
 " *Hoadly* the Mitre.
 " In this Place, some' Ages since, stood
 " a brazen *Equestrian* Statue of an old *Brit-*
 " *tish* King, whose Name is omitted, be-
 " cause his Reign was unfortunate and his
 " End unhappy. His Bigotry to the Ec-
 " clestiasticks was his Foible, and at length
 " his Destruction. Whilst, deluded with
 " their false Incense, and mistaking Self-
 " Interest in them for Loyalty to him, he
 " made them more than Subjects, he made
 " himself less than a Sovereign. He broke
 " the Constitution, because it would not
 " bend, and banish'd the Laws, because
 " they would not flatter. He sacrific'd the
 " Crown to exalt the Mitre, and oppress'd
 " his Subjects to support the Crown. Mo-
 " narchy and the Church became at last
 " hateful, by making themselves dreadful,
 " and, by grasping at too much, lost all.
 " The Nation, after twelve Years Patience
 " under the continued Assaults of Rapine
 " and Tyranny, had a fortuitous, but fa-
 " vourable Opportunity put into their
 " Hands, to relieve themselves. They soon
 " found themselves strong, and therefore
 " grew unmanageable, and, confounding
 " Slavery with Obedience, shook off both.
 " The rest is too Tragical.
 " The whole History of this ill-advis'd
 " Prince, is a Panegyrick upon his present
 " Majesty, who fortifies his Throne, and
 " blesses his People, by following closely
 " the Wisdom and Example of his great
 " Ancestor above-mention'd, the First
 " of his Name.
 " Upon the Statue at Oxford.
 " TO *George the Twentieth*, by the
 " Grace of God, &c. A Prince,
 " whose strongest Right to govern Man-
 " kind proceeds from his being the best
 " and wisest of Mankind. Nothing can
 " equal the People's Affection to their
 " Monarch but the Monarch's Benevolence
 " to his People, A noble Emulation!
 " Their Happiness is his Study; his Safety
 " is their Care. He rules by deserving to
 " rule: This is his Opinion, this his Pra-
 " ctice. He owns no Right from Heaven
 " but to do Good, nor from Men but to
 " protect

" protect them. He detests being a Ty-
 " rant, *because his Ancestors were Kings.*
 " He thinks it Diabolical Reasoning, that,
 " because he ought to defend, he may
 " therefore destroy. That Kings are the
 " Ordinances of God merely for being the
 " Scourges of God, he thinks to be a
 " Proposition as dreadful as absurd, which
 " may, with equal Justice, entitle Robbers
 " and Murderers to Impunity and Non-
 " Resistance. The People are not jealous
 " of the Prince's Power, nor the Prince of
 " the People's Liberty. He glories in be-
 " ing limited by the Law of the Land,
 " but more in being unlimited by the
 " Love of his Subjects. His Wisdom and
 " Power are employ'd for them; their
 " Hearts and their Purses are open to him;
 " both happy in mutual and unrestrain'd
 " Confidence. He loves all his Subjects,
 " and is by *all* his Subjects belov'd, this
 " renown'd Nursery of Learning setting
 " an illustrious Copy of Religion and Loy-
 " alty to the remotest Nations of his Em-
 " pire.

" And yet from this Seat of Knowledge
 " ~~formerly issu'd many black Mists of Pre-~~
 " judice and Ignorance, and even the peace-
 " ful Muses were drawn into Sedition and
 " Outrages. The blackest Perjuries, and
 " most destructive Principles, were open-
 " ly encourag'd and defended; and Religi-
 " on was brought into real Danger to
 " keep the Church out of it. Every Ac-
 " tion and every Name that did Honour
 " to the Nation and to Mankind, was
 " blacken'd and depress'd, whilst the vilest
 " Villanies against Truth and Liberty were
 " countenanc'd and extoll'd. Honest Men
 " were brow-beaten, weak Men deluded,
 " and Profligates supported and protected;
 " religious Houses were pull'd down by the
 " drunken Rabble, and the Church vin-
 " dicated by blaspheming Mobs. Heredita-
 " ry Right was supported by Perjury, and
 " Non-resistance by Rebellion. Men of
 " Virtue and Sobriety were term'd Fana-
 " ticks, and the Defenders of Peace, Li-
 " berty, and Law, Republicans: But
 " *George the First*, who had all those Evils
 " in a particular Manner to struggle with,
 " as being level'd at *his Person and Title*,
 " at last overcame them all. He reform'd
 " the Priesthood, and purify'd the Univer-
 " sity, and in Spite of Pride, Interest, and

" a Degeneracy almost total, reconcil'd
 " these haughty Bodies of Men to *Evan-*
 " *gelical Religion* and *legal Obedience*. He
 " was the Founder of our present Great-
 " ness; for arriving at which, he chose
 " and practis'd the most natural, most
 " amiable Arts. He made the Good of
 " Mankind the Measure of his Power;
 " and by making his Subjects wise and
 " virtuous, taught them to be great. He
 " made his People powerful and they him
 " irresistible. Dying, he left behind him
 " such a Pattern of Government, which
 " has never fail'd to render all succeeding
 " Kings, who have follow'd it, prosperous
 " and popular. This they have all at-
 " tempted, but his present Majesty with
 " the most Success.

" Of the Reign of *George the First* no
 " more needs be said; it shines, at this Di-
 " stance, in the Histories and Poems of
 " that Time; a Time fruitful in Men
 " of Learning and Genius, favour'd and
 " patroniz'd, *more particularly*, by the *then*
 " *Duke of Newcastle*, who, from his early
 " Infancy to the End of a *most distinguished*
 " *and honourable Life*, gave *infinite Proofs*
 " of a large Soul, and a disinterested Love
 " to Mankind, Liberty, and the more
 " elegant Arts. But the Character of that
 " *great and popular Lord* is well known,
 " and his Memory honour'd in the same
 " Degree as was his Life.

My LORD,

After an Absence of several Pages, I a-
 gain return to your Lordship, who must,
 to excuse me consider, I have been atten-
 ding a much greater Man: But having
 now, I hope, sufficiently instructed Poste-
 rity about erecting and *dedicating* the above
 nam'd Statues, and having made ample
 Provisions for the Expence of the same,
 I am once more, at your Service.

I should now proceed to display and ex-
 tol, as becomes me, your Lordship's great
 Piety and Gallantry, the Gravity of your
 Carriage and the Liveliness of your Beha-
 viour, the Grandeur of your Deportment
 and the Humility of your Conversation;
 and *most particularly*, I should celebrate
 your great Generosity to my self, and your
 great Frugality to all the World: And
 your Lordship may depend upon it, I will
 very

very soon gratify my own Ambition, by and great Haste (it is now a Quarter after equipping you with all these great Gifts, Twelve) and many more.

Your Lordship's most dutiful,

Most obedient humble Servant.

At present a Thing has happen'd, which interrupts me in the Discharge of this my necessary Duty. A Thing which the Shyness of my Nature will have me to conceal from all the World but so good and loving a Friend as your Lordship. My Lord, it is now Twelve a Clock, and I want a Dinner; and, alas! I doubt my Bookseller will not trust me with a Shilling, without mortgaging these my Papers into his Hands for the Sum aforesaid. Thus must half your Lordship, that is, half your Character, be pawn'd that I may Dine. Be assur'd of hearing from me soon, for I have your Measure, and, as becomes your faithful Taylor, will finish your Sute with all Speed. I am, with wonderful Devotion,

P.S. To avoid the Envy that eminent Writers must ever expect, I have determin'd not to put my Name to my Work, till the Thirtieth Edition of this Treatise, which perhaps may not be this Month yet; by which Time it is presum'd, that all those who detract from its Excellencies, will be his'd into Silence and Shame by the whole World.

I design'd to have subjoin'd at the End a Table of the Principal Matters, as other great Authors have done, but, going about it, I quickly found I must transcribe the whole Book into an Index, and so gave it over.

F I N I S.

This Day is Publish'd, Price 1 s.

M I S C E L L A N I E S.

Consisting chiefly of Original Pieces in PROSE and VERSE, by D—n S—t, never before Publish'd in this Kingdom. Containing, I. an Apology to Lady Carteret for not dining with her. II. A Libel on Dr. D— and a certain great Lord. III. An Epistle upon an Epistle from a certain Doctor to a certain great Lord, being a Christmas-Box for Dr. D—. IV. An Epistle to His Excellency John Lord Carteret, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. V. The Drapier Demolish'd, and set out in his own proper Colours; being a full Confutation of all his Arguments against Mr. Wood's Halfpence, by William Wood, Esq; VI. A Proposal for an Act of Parliament, to sell the Bishops Lands. VII. To the Right Honourable Sir Richard Poynes, Kt. Lord Judge of the Affizes of the Province of Munster. VIII. The humble Petition of Mr. Dermott Falvey, a well and most accomplish'd Gentleman. IX. A Copy of Verses upon two celebrated Modern Poets.